Starvation in a Land of Plenty

ONE PENNY

Workers' Dreadnought

PLENTY FOR ALL. POVERTY FOR NONE.

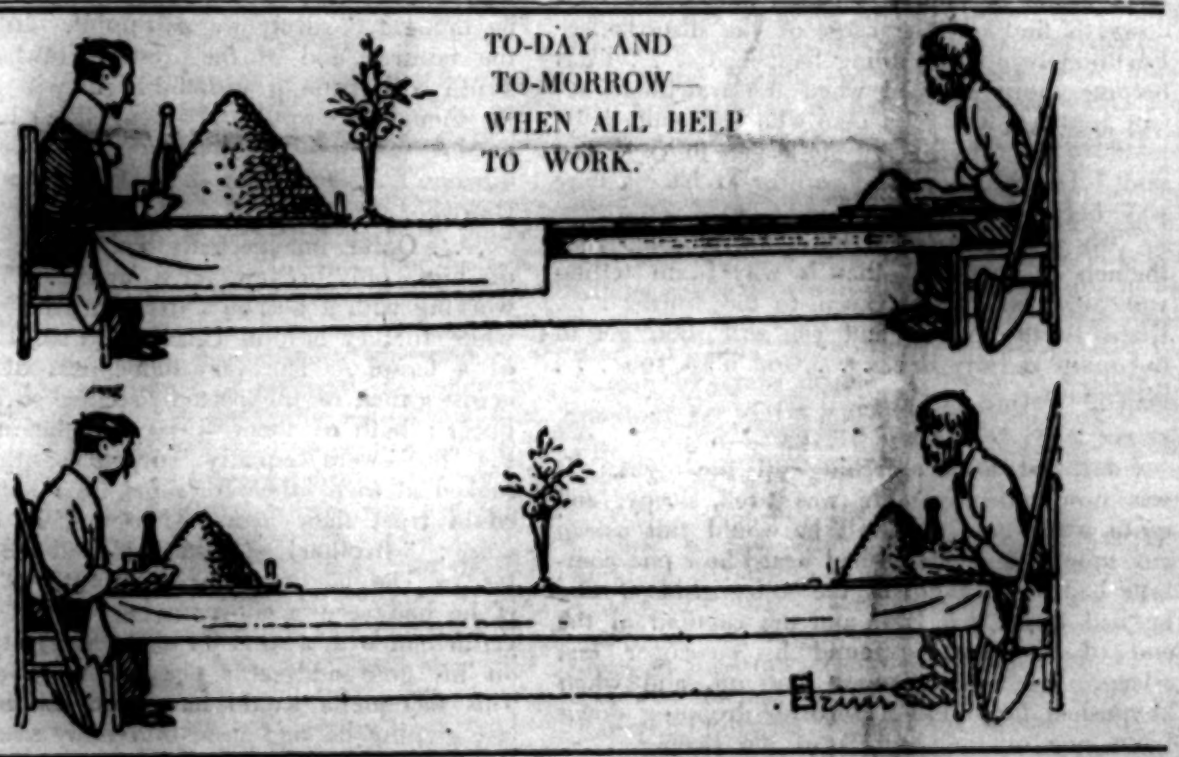
Vol. X. No. 28. **September 29, 1923.** **WEEKLY.**

MEXICO : Another View

By WILLIAM C. OWEN.

Mexico, like Russia, is a long way off, and as a rule the reports we get from either country are utterly unreliable. Most of them are the concoctions of hirelings. Others have dribbled from the pens of restless wanderers who, having scuttled over the country for a few weeks or months, deem it helpful to record their impressions. Being superficial, they are worthless; and, in reality, they depend on the observer's attitude toward life, and on the company he keeps. If I am a Prohibitionist, I naturally view with approval a country in which everything is shut up tight. If I am a believer in individual liberty, I find such a country detestable. In either case my personal convictions will colour my report.

Mr. Prince Hopkins, whose article on Mexico you published in your issue of September 22nd, is no doubt an estimable gentleman to those who look at life through spectacles similar to his own. I have been on one occasion his guest, and think I know him well; because he has given me every opportunity of getting at his beliefs. He is what may be best classified as a "New Thought" man, and his own works show that he believes in all sorts of compromises, which I myself regard as the emasculation of the revolutionary movement. His means enable him to travel extensively, but I do not believe he has any real insight into the situation as it has been in Mexico for more than fifteen years.



When Ricardo and Enriqué Magon, with a few devoted followers, started the movement which drove Porfirio Diaz into exile, they were faced with a revolutionary situation of the most unyielding type. It stands to-day, in material essentials, practically unaltered. The one great change effected—a change of inestimable value—is that the Mexicans are now more hopeful, and have become a frankly-revolutionary people. It is necessary, therefore, to bamboozle them with fine words, in order that the Monopolies against which they revolted may be freed from further assault. For that work President Obregon is, as far as I can see, precisely the man. Madero and Carranza had previously tried their hands at the same game, and paid for it with their lives. They were comparatively clumsy operators who turned instantly to brute force for the suppression of discontent.

Let me state the original position, condensing from a pamphlet I wrote in 1912. Diaz, as reported by our own much-esteemed William Archer, had invited foreign plutocracy to "rifle the national treasure house." Plutocracy's investments—almost entirely in undeveloped natural resources—were estimated at two thousand million dollars. Great newspaper proprietors, such as General Otis, of the "Los Angeles Times," and William Randolph Hearst, owned million-acre ranches. One gentleman was advertising for sale a property of two million and a quarter acres, having a sea-frontage of five hundred miles and two excellent harbours. Los Angeles itself was full of wealthy land-grabbers whom the revolution had driven out, and there was the wildest gamble in Mexican real estate, to be bought then at a dollar an acre, and estimated as certain to be worth a hundred dollars an acre as soon as the United States Government should have intervened, put down the revolution and occupied the country. That was the situation. Mexico had been sold out for a song, and plutocracy was fighting like a tiger for its investments.

Since then no politician has dared to aspire to office without promising the disinherited Mexicans restoration of their lands. Madero gained the Presidency by profuse promises. He broke them, and tried to secure himself against the national wrath by conscripting an army estimated at 350,000 men. Carranza made similar promises, and used the federal forces to make war on and slaughter Zapata, who had actually restored the land to some four million peasants. Now Obregon promises, and Mr. Hopkins remarks that "unfortunately the natives are sometimes as greedy to get back the land as the foreign concessionaires are to retain it."

Mr Hopkins states that he recounted to Obregon a story of his own suffering at the hands of the United States authorities, and that Obregon replied: "We welcome men of every opinion here, hoping that out of the conflict of views new truth may come." Let us examine.

As no one can tilt straight against vast interests without being handled roughly, the Magon brothers spent many years in gaol. Ricardo Magon died last year as he was stepping out of a United States penitentiary, and the Mexican House of Representatives, deciding at the last moment to honour the memory of the man they had harried incessantly, ordered that the House should be draped in black, and decreed him a public funeral. This latter the family, with proper dignity, declined. But when Ricardo's brother, Enriqué, visited Mexico City shortly after the funeral, Obregon's troops broke up the first meeting he attempted to address. Since then he has been touring the country; and, according to my latest information, he had been arrested four times, on charges varying from insulting the public authorities to treason against the State, which latter crime is punishable with death. On each occasion, so far as I can learn, he has been released because of the threatening attitude of an indignant population devoted to him.

His crime is, of course, that he tells the people not to believe in the paternal promises of a Government, but to take their own fortune into their own hands. Unfortunately every Government, however liberal its professions, will fight to the death for its own self-preservation; and I am satisfied that Obregon will put down any really threatening revolt as ruthlessly as did any of his predecessors; or as Lenin, Mussolini, or the British Government habitually do.

By the way, "that very able, young hero," Diaz, was originally an outlaw, seized power by the sword, and gained the backing of the people by his furious attacks on the Roman Catholic Church as the great land monopolist. Incessantly history repeats itself, and it is hard for those of us who have studied the career of Porfirio Diaz to feel confidence in any of these dictatorships which promise to do such wonderful things for the people, and do so uncommonly well for themselves.

Meanwhile in Mexico, as elsewhere, the disinherited still remain disinherited. Power, the Power that holds our race in slavery, moves on.

Whether American Imperialism will succeed in adding to its many triumphs the conquest of Mexico is one of the great conundrums of the future; but it is not Obregon that will stop it. He is as eager for recognition by the United States, as the Bolsheviks are eager to receive credentials from the British Empire. All Governments understand instinctively that their main business is to assure their own survival.

Tullamore Gaol

By T. D. SULLIVAN.

Oh, Tullamore Gaol is a charming place
(Bang the bolts and clatter the tins),
'Tis Loyalty's school for the Irish race
(At six a.m. the trouble begins).
Rub and scrub, and tramp away,
Pull and pick, and hammer all day,
Smash the stones and turn the clay
(And mourn for your political sins).

A dear old man is Featherstone-Haugh
(Bang the bolts and clatter the tins),
As tender and sweet as a circular-saw
(At six a.m. the trouble begins).
Jingle, jangle goes the bell,
Up on your feet and out of your cell,
Wishing the Government, say to—well—
(So turn from your political sins).

. . . . . .

But though 'tis said these things are so
(Bang the bolts and clatter the tins),
The system fails with men I know
(At six a.m. the trouble begins).
Fed or famishing, well or ill,
Their hearts are warm for Ireland still,
With love no tyrant's power can kill
(And pride in their political sins.)

The Image-breaker

By S. N. GHOSE.

Far as the eye could see there were only the green paddy fields—nothing to indicate the way which could lead one to the railway lines. The corn had grown tall enough to come up to his breast, and as Udas looked around him, he saw the gusts of wind were playing ripples over the bending heads of the growing corn. Udas had been plodding through the muddy rice fields for a long time, and he was almost on the point of falling down through sheer exhaustion; he had to throw his boots away, for the water in the fields occasionally was knee-deep, and the boots, far from being of any help, seemed to be a great hindrance. He was very hungry—he had eating nothing for a very long time. . . .

. . . Overhead the sky was dull . . . leaden grey—it was the season of monsoon; the occasional showers had drenched him many times during his forced march. His long matted hair; his heavy breathings, which seemed more like the snortings of a hunted animal; his pale face; his bloodshot, sleepless eyes and his mud-bespattered dress, might have evoked the pity of even those who were hunting him down. A "mauser" (revolver) was dangling down his breast—it had been hung with a black tape round his neck.

Udas's sole hope lay in hitting on a railway station, and then he could find out how he would get back to one of the bigger cities and thus escape the police.

The events that had forced him to take this tramp were quite unforeseen. He had just joined the University, and that week-end he came down to a small town to take some of the revolutionary leaflets back with him, and to take lessons in sending telegraphic messages. He had never before been in this place—but he had been told that some comrades would meet him at the station. When he got there, however, he found things quite different; somehow the police had got a clue and they had already raided houses and made many arrests. . . . When the railway train arrived at the station he found the police were apparently on the look-out for a new-comer; Udas avoided them and got down at the next station . . . it was Koti.

His idea was to wait there some time and then take a train back to Calcutta; but he was very soon disillusioned, and found that it would not be possible to get back to Calcutta by the trains from that small town. . . . The police were searching every passenger very carefully and asking many questions of each one. . . . They seemed to have got hold of his photo—somehow.

Without wasting his time in the difficult and almost impossible task of boarding the train at Koti, Udas decided on a better plan. . . . He would march right across the rice-fields and hit on the main railway line. He knew there were quite a number of fairly large stations along that line, and every day a very large number of passengers travel over there. . . . From what he knew, the main line was some thirty miles away. Thirty miles is not a very long distance . . . it was surely not so to him. On other occasions he had covered this distance in a single day—but this had always been on the high roads . . . and in the company of others. And there was one chief drawback now—he did not know very much about the way. . . .

But he hoped he would soon come across some village—where there would be no vigilance from the police—and where they would give him shelter; he had always an exaggerated notion about the honesty and the hospitality of the country folk. As a rule they are not much better than others, and sometimes they are most reactionary and extremely difficult persons to deal with.

Late that evening he came across one of those collections of mud huts, which are commonly called a village in this area. Every one seemed to be in bed then; only a few tumbled down huts had some brightly-lit windows . . . others were all dark. In the monsoon rains the only street that the village could boast of was muddier and in a worse state than the bare fields. It was here that Udas came to know all about the activities of the police; the village watchman—a big, stout man who continuously spat on the ground, making grimaces—told him everything: how the police had made several raids at Koti, how they had arrested some young men and an old woman—one of these people had since then been found dead in his cell—how they had offered a heavy reward to anyone who could get a young "anarchist" arrested. The description had also been furnished; they had told he was coming down to Koti in a couple of days' time. The watchman was a kind fellow—he noticed that this news had a very depressing effect on Udas—so he cheeringly said, "Don't be downcast! I am not going to arrest you—nor will I tell the authorities anything about you. But, please, you must get out of here as quickly as possible—if the villagers know you will be in a difficult position." Udas thanked him and was on the point of running away from him, but the watchman stopped him and began in a loud husky voice . . . "Well! What do you thank me for? I am only doing my duty. The sub-inspector took away my newly purchased cow, without paying me a single copper, and he expects me to catch thieves or 'anarchists' for him! I don't know what the anarchists are like—you seem just like any other man—maybe the military police and the C.I.D. have made a mistake. Anyway I am not going to stop you." He then began relating the story of the village ghost. He was speaking so loudly that Udas thought any moment some head would be popped through one of the windows to find out the cause of the disturbance. Fortunately no such thing happened. . . . Udas become more alarmed when the watchman began another story of a man who had robbed the landlord of the village; he began to fret, and said, "Do you mind if I go now—I have a long way before me. Haven't I?" . . .

"Oh yes! You see I have few educated gentlemen to speak to—that is why I am telling you all this. Please keep to the North. . . . Right to the North, and you will soon get to the main railway line. . . . God bless you . . . little father."

. . . . .

Udas had been marching all the night. It was now morning. He was tired, sleepy, and quite worn out. He felt he would fall asleep any moment. Once he had heard how one comrade had been caught by the police inside a cab; he had hired that cab, and the cabman at the end of his journey found his passenger fast asleep. He tried to wake him up, and when he pushed he found a revolver dropping down from one of the pockets of the sleeper. . . . The police had him without any scuffle—even. . . . This comrade had done very important work before—but he had had no sleep for two nights, that is how he came to fall fast asleep in a cab.

. . . . .

If only he could get a shelter . . . where he could rest and sleep . . . just a little; he did not mind being without food for a long time—but the drizzling rain and occasional showers had really exhausted him. Not a tree could be seen on the whole horizon.

A dismal day it was; still, as he looked up, he felt after all it was not so bad. In the cities you can never realise what it means to gaze on the sky in an open countryside! There it is vast—and Udas then felt it was something more than vast, it was infinite—the eternity itself—solemn and majestic. He could never believe that the people who every day gazed on this awe-inspiring canopy could ever have mean prejudices. He wondered how could a peasant toiling all day under the free sky ever get into the dirty, narrow mud huts and call it his home. . . . He looked on the green cornfields intently, wistfully—the wind was playing over them—it seemed to caress the green blades of corn. Did not the fields of green only look as vast as the sky? They, too, seemed to be infinitely extensive. . . .

But then how was it that the agricultural labourers were always so badly off? . . . They toiled year in and year out—in the sun and in the rain; . . . with the sweat of their brow it was they who transformed the dull grey clods into smiling fields of corn. . . . But in spite of all this they always remained the poorest of the poor. The profits of their honest labour went to the landlords, the middlemen, the merchants, and the speculators in corn. It was their toil that fed the millions, but they were the half-starved. They never knew what their fate was going to be the next year. . . . A deal of the speculators may make the price of the corn go up or down . . . but the peasants never got any benefit from that. . . . They always found themselves the losers; probably that was the reason why all the peasants had been so very conservative, and why they distrusted all new innovations; they were afraid and they thought . . . "Probably a new method to exploit us more. . . ."

Udas knew how most of the peasants had always been in debt . . . they were often working for days, just to get money sufficient to pay the interest. For a time this young University student forgot all about his fatigue—and why he was there; a strange feeling—a feeling of sadness and triumph came over him; he was glad . . . infinitely glad . . . to be in the movement that wanted to put an end to the old order—the order that had condemned the millions of men, women and children to live like beasts and to toil continuously—half-fed and ill-clad—in order that the few may live in luxury and control the destiny of the human race. A diseased age it was—with its burden of overwhelming sorrow—with its load of terrible injustice and monstrous oppression. . . . Yet one thing made him glad: he was among those who would put the whole thing to rights. "Yes," he thought, "surely we will do it. In spite of the failures, and of the present drawbacks, the Truth will triumph and the Right will prevail." He thought he would be among those to see the passing of the old system . . . with all its diseases . . . and then there would be the Red Dawn!

. . . Quite unexpectedly he found in front of him, only a few yards away . . . a man working with a hoe on a dry patch of ground—while further beyond Udas could see the dome of a temple. The very suddenness of coming across a man so unexpectedly seemed surprisingly queer; both of them—Udas and the man with the hoe—were equally surprised; they both looked at each other for some time before they could trust their eyes. Udas said in a feeble voice: "Brother! Could you find me a shelter?" The labourer stared vacantly at him as if he had seen a ghost; whoever had heard a gentleman with a shirt on his back and spectacles on his nose address a peasant as "Brother"? This fact alone would have surprised him—but last evening he had been told how a dangerous revolutionist had been near about these places. What the profession of a revolutionist was he did not know, nor did he care—the only thing that mattered was the reward the police had offered. The peasant eyed him cautiously as if Udas was a beast of prey—he looked at the mauser revolver . . . and then suddenly he turned round and ran towards the Temple . . . shouting "The Germans are here!"

He had never seen a German, nor did he know why people had been saying so many things against the Germans—but in his simple mind this man thought a revolutionist would naturally have some connection with the Germans.

Udas was more than surprised at this strange reception; he was very tired—too tired to think what the man meant by running away and calling him "The Germans." . . . He moved slowly towards the Temple.

When he had got on the stone steps of the Temple the news of his arrival had already spread round the village. Evidently the story of his big revolver had been circulated as well—for a big crowd soon gathered, but they kept themselves at a distance from him. A young woman had brought a red cap for her child—she thought it would be an opportune moment for her to show this new purchase to the village, and she rushed towards her home, dragging the child; the youngsters appeared in large num-

bers—they did not know what the commotion was about; some began clapping their hands, thinking Udas was a sweetmeat dealer. The men, however, took the matter very seriously; they all shouted at the same time; some gesticulated wildly, throwing up their hands, and occasionally turning round to see if Udas had vanished in the earth, or had changed himself into some super-human form. . . .

All this appeared extremely comic to Udas—but the crowd apparently waited for somebody, and this conjecture was true, for a few minutes later there appeared on the scene a fat well-fed person, wrapped up in a piece of cloth which had very bright patterns all over it. It was no less a personage than the village priest—the commotion of the crowd went down as if by magic.

The priest shouted to Udas in a growling voice to throw away the revolver and come down from the steps of the holy temple. "An unclean dog you are! Carrying deadly weapons. Hell itself is too good a place for you."

Tired as he was, the student wanted to tell them why he was there, and what the movement wanted to do for the peasants. He did begin his address, and soon found how the people had given up their hostile attitude; but the priest interrupted him, shouting: "What is equality? You mean to say a low-caste pariah is the same as me?" In a firm voice Udas said, "Surely you are not superior to others."

The priest's face became livid with anger. . . . Some of the older people thought that before his holy anger the earth would swallow the blasphemer up. In a voice almost choked with passion the priest demanded:

"Who is to worship the village God, then?"

"Brothers, there is no God in these stone temples; I do not know if any exist. If there were one, and if he really were as they say, 'good and omnipotent,' would he tolerate the wrongs you suffer?"

"You dog! . . . Son of a bitch!" the priest cried. "Get down from the terrace. You are an atheist. We have sent for the military police. . . . You shall have a lesson soon."

Udas tried to laugh at the priest's senseless anger, but the reference to the military police reminded him of the painful fact that he was still being hunted, and there was no time to lose.

Already the village constable had appeared. . . . One of his children had removed his baton to play at soldiers, and the futile search for this official ensignia of law and order had delayed him so long that, in his great hurry, he had no time to put on his full uniform—he had only the blue trousers on. . . .

Udas smiled and said, "Brothers, why would you hand me over to the military police? We are against the oppression of the rich and the priests. . . ." This was too great an insult for the priest. "Dare you touch the stone-idol?" he shouted. He had become truly mad; his eyes seemed to be bulging out of his head. Had it not been for the mauser revolver round the neck of the stranger, he surely would have led a bold attack of the whole village on this young blasphemer. "Dare you enter the Temple?" he shouted.

"Of course I can. Shall I do it?"

The student saw in the distance the military police coming towards the Temple. One of them was on horseback.

Everything seemed lost . . . but he wanted to show one thing—that the stone-idol was no God; he deliberately stepped inside the Temple and lifted the heavy stone image from the altar and dragged it on the floor. The floor was muddy and extremely slippery; in lifting the heavy idol up he lost his balance, and fell down on his face.

A terrific sound like the explosion of a bomb immediately followed—the ten cartridges of the revolver had exploded all at once—his body was torn open.

They said that the death had not been instantaneous—someone had seen him roll round several times, and when the police officer picked up the still warm corpse he found that the face was turned towards the dark ceiling of the Temple, and there was a last linger of a faint smile left on his face.

As a matter of fact the boy was not killed instantaneously; he did hear the cartridges explode, but curiously enough he did not feel any pain. Probably he lived just a fraction of a second after the explosion—but in this very small space of time he thought much. He did not think of his comrades, nor of his own short life . . . nor did he ponder over the unknown regions of the Dead. . . .

He saw a bat, which was hanging on the rafters inside the ceiling, flutter about, disturbed with the sound of the explosion—he smiled at its discomfitures. Suddenly the dark sooty ceiling of the Temple vanished—he seemed to see the vast horizon above him—it was all crimson with clouds painted blood-red by the sinking sun. . . . He seemed to hear in the distance thousands of voices, nay hundreds of thousands of voices, singing the "International," all the Temple bells ringing in its accompaniment. All the church organs seemed to peal this anthem, the whole of Humanity seemed to have become awake and chanted this hymn; it was strange, but Udas dreamed of coming across the fat village priest in this multitudinous throng. He smiled again, and tried to say just before his death, "Poor people! If they only knew . . ."

No one wept for him—none seemed to regret his untimely death. Apparently no one missed this pale youth, cut down even before he had reached the prime of his life.

The villagers thought that the priest would utilise the incident as an opportunity for exacting money on the pretext that the idol had been polluted; they had been quite sick of the way in which he proclaimed his superior intellect and position—but they resented most his extortions of money—he seemed never to be satisfied. . . . But the priest, on the other hand, himself had been really frightened. He wondered if the village elders would take him to task for not locking the door of the Temple. Once they had done so—when the gold necklace of the idol was found missing—of course, the priest himself had removed it, but he innocently had declared that the door was not properly locked.

But nothing serious really happened. This incident seemed to have very little effect on the life of the village. The old monotonous cycle of dull and toilsome days went on as before. The village priest, however, sometimes said how in his dream he had been visited by the village God, who told him " . . . I am thirsty. Give me human blood to drink"; then with a cunning laughter he would conclude his story . . . "Fancy just seven days after that the God chose his victim: it was a stranger who blasphemed at me."

. . . . . .

Only an old woman, who had lost her first child in a factory accident near Calcutta, could not forget this tragic incident. Years afterwards she would tell the story to her grand-children at nightfall, and would weep over it; she used to tell all about it to the strangers who happened to pass through the village.

Bulgarian News

D. Entcheff writes from Varna, Bulgaria, saying that though the English capitalist press is reporting that the Third International Communists, called the "Narrow Socialists," are attempting a revolution in Bulgaria, that party, however, he declares, is not a revolutionary party, but an opportunist one. It seeks to affiliate with the reformists, who are called "wide."

The Communist Workers' Party, according to Entcheff, is the only revolutionary party in Bulgaria.

IMPORTANT!

We urgently suggest that comrades should endeavour to secure new subscribers to the "Workers' Dreadnought" and that they should collect at meetings and from their friends whatever is possible. However small the sum you can collect, it will be welcomed. Send it in stamps or postal orders. The "Dreadnought" is not self-supporting; the editing and managing is unpaid.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SELFISHNESS.

Dieppe Street,
West Kensington.

Dear Comrade,

I only received the copy of the "Dreadnought" with Comrade Falconer's letter, to-day, September 20th. This letter is headed, "Is Human Nature Selfish?" and "A Plea in its Favour." I have not read Comrade Morris' article, but there is sufficient in this one to show that Morris was right and Falconer wrong. I should like to ask the latter if he can tell us *what decides man's action*, why men act so differently under similar circumstances, why the same man will act in a way that Falconer calls selfish to-day and unselfish to-morrow? Can he tell us what part of the brain is developed first and in what manner it develops?

I say definitely that man is selfish, and were he not so, he would be a very poor creature indeed.

J. HUMPHREY.

POPLAR.

Dear Editor,

Last week I went to Stratford to see someone who is ill. In the room where I waited were two women, and I saw they were looking at me. They spoke of me as the person who came from Poplar. It was explained that I come from Bow, near Poplar. One of the women then said that the people both of Bow and Poplar are "dangerous." She said that "the Labour government of Poplar, or whatever you might call it," goes to the Relieving Office and kicks up a row till it gets all it wants.

I said: "I don't think so: Poplar is not so popular as you think." You should see the poor people begging the Guardians for boots and getting refused: women with four or five children; men being refused boots and told they can go down to work on a Labour Colony for 2s. 6d. a week. You should see the poor mothers going to the Relieving Officer when their children are ill, and obliged to see them sent away to the sick asylum because they cannot buy what is necessary for them. As you look around Poplar, you see half-starved men, women and children everywhere. People get more relief in some other places than in Poplar. In Liverpool, I have heard, they get very much more. The Labour movement would be a fine thing for a class that understood what Labour means. I know Poplar, and the Labour movement there is not Labour as I understand it.

"Our coal money has been stopped by the Labour Guardians. Poplar has not solved the unemployed problem: the Poplar unemployed are as tired of going up to the Relieving Office for the dole as they are in other places.

"Poplar has not solved the housing problem. We have large families with grown-up children crowded into one room.

"Labour should work for the workers. If you are out for a job for yourself you had better stop at home and let someone else carry on the fight for the workers. There are too many job-hunters in the Labour movement."

Wake up, men and women; buy the "Workers' Dreadnought" and not the capitalist papers.

Yours fraternally,
M. PARKER.

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Our View.

LAST WEEK we commented on the "Daily Herald's" mistaken view of the Spanish military coup. In a subsequent issue the "Daily Herald" reversed its position and attempted to undo its former mistake.

The Daily Herald, Mr. Baldwin, and Capitalist Politicians.

On September 21st the "Daily Herald" leading article again enunciated a hotchpotch of amazing errors, and a complete absence of proletarian standpoint, though labelled "From the workers' point of view." The article began by declaring that Mr. Lloyd George made "a hideous mess of everything, *through trying to keep all the strings in his own hands.*"

It is extraordinary that even an ex-Northcliffe press man should fail to see that the main reason why Mr. Lloyd George was unsatisfactory "from the workers' point of view" was that he was serving certain capitalist interests and not the interests of the workers. The "Herald" continues obtusely:

> "There was a general hope that one-man-government would never be permitted again in this country."

From this "Labour's own daily" goes on to request that Mr. Baldwin should become Labour Minister as well as Prime Minister, in addition to settling personally "the Reparations tangle," and deciding whether the British Bank rate should not be lowered. Says the "Herald":

> "All these matters Mr. Baldwin, we believe, could handle better, as Labour Minister, than any member of his mediocre Cabinet. Let him take on the job himself or let him admit that it is too big for him and make way for a ruler of more pluck."

Why this flattering belief in a Tory politician on the part of "Labour's own daily"?

Why this demand for one-man rule and this worship of the autocrat?

* * *

"WORKER STUDENTS" are now being recommended in certain quarters to make an exhaustive study of capitalist finance:

Working Class Education

Banking, the foreign exchanges, and so on. These things, they are told in the same intellectual quarters, they may study in the works of bourgeois writers, picking out for themselves the grain from the chaff. These intellectuals also tell the workers that they must regard Kropotkin as inaccurate, and that they need not trouble to read Karl Marx, but only some of the little books about Marx, which have been written by others.

* * *

THE QUESTION insistently presents itself: What is the most important type of education for the awakening workers, now that the capitalist system is nearing its final stages?

What Sort of Education?

Should the worker study the intricacies of capitalist finance and capitalist organisation? Or should the worker study the method by which production may be carried on under Communism in order that production may be congenial to the producer and ample for the general need. Should he also endeavour to equip himself with a scientific knowledge of some branch of industry?

Which type of study will make the worker more capable as a revolutionary under Capitalism and as a producer under Communism?

Strangely enough a study of the capitalist system does not always produce a disgust for it. A certain prominent pacifist I.L.P.-er, who is an industrial capitalist on a moderate scale, once told us that he regarded the capitalist system as a thing of intricate beauty. He made it plain to us that he desired only to reform the system, not to destroy it. A certain Plebs student, who is also a little capitalist producer, told us recently that he had found the study of Marxian economics most helpful to him in business. It was evident that he took an exceedingly keen and zestful interest in the game of production for profit.

Again we ask, which is the likeliest method of making useful workers under Communism: a study of production, or a study of the methods by which production is turned to profit under Capitalism.

It is said that in the I.W.W. locals technical journals are as commonly seen as propaganda organs, and that the power of the I.W.W. in the lumber camps in part consists in the fact that the I.W.W.'s are the best lumber men because they understand the technicalities of their craft.

* * *

"OH! HO!," SHOUT THE "REALISTS" of a certain school; "now we have caught you! You are trying to make the worker a more efficient tool for the boss!"

Ploughs versus Banks

Indeed, Mr. Realist; but are you so sure that is not precisely what may happen, if the workers, instead of studying and endeavouring to invent improvements in the processes of industry and agriculture from the Communist standpoint, should take to worshipping a knowledge of currency problem as the highest achievement at which they can aim?

Under Communism the plough and the loom and the axe and the anvil are the things that will matter—not the banking account and the ledger, as is the case to-day.

These latter are devices of Capitalism; they will pass as the new era arises in which there shall be production for use, not profit, no wages, no money, no buying and selling; but plenty for all, because all will join in the work of production, and joining so will produce abundance for all.

Inventions are common by work people, in all sorts of important fields of enterprise: wireless, aeroplane engines, safety appliances, and so on; but like other inventors, the worker who takes an invention to the firm where he is reckoned as a "hand," frequently finds that the capitalist does not desire to expend capital on any new invention, however practical and beneficial it might prove. This is especially the case where safety appliances are concerned, and the Government is apt to prove as unwilling to welcome safety inventions as is the employer himself.

The revolutionist will proceed with his inventions unconcerned by the cold shoulder, because instead of pinning his faith to an increased income for his personal use under Capitalism, he is looking for the emancipation of the workers and the well-being of the whole people under a new system.

The unemployed, whom the turn of the capitalist wheel of fate has provided with abundant leisure, though without abundance, would do well to use at least a part of that leisure to equip themselves with technical knowledge. Every unemployed organisation should build up a library for the use of its members, which should include not merely books of revolutionary propaganda, but scientific and technical works.

The cry, "Go to the Guardians," might well be varied by that of "Open the laboratories."

* * *

A SCANDALOUS ACTION, against which a strong effort should be made, is that of the Pontefract Bench in taking the little daughter of Mr. T. S. Overbury from the custody of her father and sending her to a "Home" for girls in Surrey, because her father refused either to send her to the Council School, or bring her into Court. The father of the girl is apparently a Christian Socialist, since he is an official of the Brotherhood Church. There is no reason to doubt that the girl would be better educated and cared for in her own home than in the institution to which she has been sent. The Government elementary and secondary schools, with their reactionary text books, Imperialist and Royalist celebrations, jingo and religious teaching, and occasional incursions of bourgeois politicians and militarists, are highly objectionable to people of advanced views. Parents who desire their children to grow up in an atmosphere of enlightenment have every reason to desire to save their children from such an environment.

Pontefract Magistrates as Kidnappers

* * *

A BOURGEOIS REPUBLIC still holds sway in Germany, but advanced ideas are growing apace in that sorely-tried country. One evidence of this is the establishment of the so-called "Free Schools." These institutions are paid for by the State, but the teaching, management, and appointment of teachers is exempt from State interference. In some districts the right has been won to establish such schools and to claim State financial support if a given number of pupils are forthcoming. In other places the fight for the Free Schools is still being fought with much enthusiasm. Compare this with the British state of affairs regarding education.

German Free Schools

* * *

THE WHITE TERROR is rampant in Bulgaria, as was to be expected once the reaction had gained control. The so-called "Communist Revolution" in Bulgaria, announced in the capitalist press, turns out to be a massacre of the Communists and the Proletarian Left, in which the victims made some resistance.

Bulgarian White Terror

* * *

THE EFFORTS of the Stresemann Government to come to terms with the French and to cease passive resistance are undoubtedly giving an impetus to the German nationalist reaction. Meanwhile the position of the working-class grows more and more intolerable and anti-capitalist ideas germinate. The question constantly debated is whether Germany will see next a reactionary or a proletarian revolution.

In Germany

At an Augsburg gathering, where Ludendorff was the guest of honour, Captain Heiss, leader of the military forces of nationalist organisation, is reported as saying:

> "We shall crush Marxism in the South, and then we must march with rifles, machine-guns, and our few cannon, and if people do not give us horses we'll take them for ourselves on our way through Thuringia. The German revolution will break out even though the authorities forbid it. We have no time to lose; delay would be prejudicial to us. The movement for German freedom springs from Bavaria, and the German problem will be settled in Berlin with Bavarian fists. We are absolutely opposed to separatism, and many thousands of our brothers in Northern Germany look to us. They ask when will the Bavarians come. We Bavarians will come for we cannot fail our brothers in the North. The German problem can only be settled with the sword. We make no secret of the fact

that we want a national revolution under the black, white, and red flag."

We have now made an arrangement to publish a series of important articles from a correspondent in Germany. Our readers should order additional copies of the "Dreadnought" on that account, in order that they may give these articles as wide a currency as possible.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT IN INDIA and FACTORY LABOUR IN INDIA. By Rajani Kanta Das, M.Sc., Ph.D. Walter de Gruyter and Co., Berlin and Leipzig.

We find ourselves in complete disagreement with the views of the author of this pamphlet on "Industrial Peace," the relations of Capital and Labour, and the purpose, goal, and method of industrial organisation, and many other questions; yet we found the pamphlet interesting, because of the great interest of the subject with which it deals.

The Village Community.

Mr. Das briefly recalls the development of India, from the village communities, with agriculture as their main business, and with such industries as weaving, smithing, oil-pressing, pottery making; as a later development, bankers, tradesmen, physicians, scribes, landlords; also "menials," or "servants," such as washerwomen, barbers, scavengers. As towns grew up they generally specialised in one industry, muslin at Dacca, calico at Calicut, and so on. Trading was early established at Babylon and Rome. In the end of the eighteenth century India supplied the needs of her home population and had a relatively large export trade. As a result of British domination, which began in 1757, India in the nineteenth century began to import instead of exporting manufactures, and to export grain and other raw materials. India became, in short, a producer of raw material for Britain and a market for British manufactured goods. Industry, engineering, and architecture declined, instead of progressing in India. Artisans were obliged to betake themselves to agriculture, and stagnation fell upon the people.

Industrialism.

Within the last two generations a new change has been growing up. India is again becoming a manufacturing country and is developing large-scale modern industrial methods in many fields, including textiles, mining, indigo, tea and coffee planting.

The breakdown of the old Indian industries caused the peasant lands to be re-divided to take in new cultivators, for the ethics of ancient communism still obtained to a degree. The smaller farms could not support the family and the cultivators took to hiring out their labour either partly or wholly. The British planters were requiring labourers for their indigo, tea and coffee plantations—so a labouring class was created.

Indentured Labour.

The abolition of slavery in the British colonies in 1834 created a demand for labour there and Indian labourers began to be sent out there under indentures which made them virtually slaves. Being indentured abroad for numbers of years, many of them lost their land at home.

Labour Laws.

The first cotton mill was established in Bombay in 1863, and many sprang up in the seventies. Men, women, and young children were employed, and worked the same long hours. Not until 1881 was child-labour restricted, largely through the agitation of Lancashire manufacturers, in fear of Indian competition, according to Mr. Das. Children under seven were now excluded from the factory, and the hours of children under twelve limited to nine per day.

In 1882 Narayan Meghjee Lokhandry, who began life as a factory worker, organised a petition of 5,500 Indian workers asking for a Sunday rest day, half-hour rest at noon, working to be from 6.30 a.m. to sunset, wages to be paid not later than the 15th of the month following that on which they were earned, workers seriously injured or maimed for life to receive compensation. It appeared that wages were often only obtainable by having recourse to the courts, and many workers were deprived of their earnings.

Lancashire manufacturers were meanwhile agitating for the English Factory Acts to be extended to India.

In 1890 ten thousand factory workers of Bombay held a mass meeting, at which two women workers spoke and complained of being forced to work on Sundays.

In 1891 an Act was passed limiting women's hours to 11 per day, with an interval of 1½ hours, and raising the minimum and maximum ages of children to 9 and 14 respectively. Some women were dismissed and others had their wages reduced because of the limitation of hours, and some of them, therefore, petitioned to be exempt from the new act.

In 1911 the labour of men in textile factories was limited to 12 per day.

Repression in British Colonies.

As the importance of South Africa as a land for European settlers developed, a policy of repression was adopted against Asiatics, and a repressive law against them was passed in 1885. In 1891 Natal passed repressive measures which greatly worsened the conditions of the Indian indentured labourers. In 1895 measures were passed to check the growth of free Indian labourers. In 1896 an annual pole-tax upon Indians of £3 for every male over 16 and every female over 13, and a further pole-tax of £1 was levied.

Gandhi and the Boer War.

Early in the nineties the now famous Gandhi, a barrister, was sent to South Africa, by a firm of lawyers, to act as legal adviser to the Indians there, and about this time the Government of the Boer State of Natal introduced a Bill to disfranchise the Indians. Gandhi organised the Indians for self-preservation, and when the Boer War broke out in 1899, Gandhi and his supporters assisted the British Government against the Boers. They believed that the British would emancipate the Indians; but when the British Government won it constituted an Asiatic department to deal with them as a class apart.

The Beginning of Passive Resistance.

In 1906 the British Transvaal Government introduced a Bill compelling Asiatics to register and stamp their finger-prints for identification. The Indian community, led by Gandhi, vowed never to submit to such a measure—it was a vow of passive resistance. In 1907 the Bill passed. Wholesale imprisonments of men, women and children, followed, including that of Gandhi. Finally the Act was suspended on the understanding that registration should be voluntary. The majority of Indians having registered, compulsory registration was revived—the usual result of compromises!

The oath of passive resistance was again revived, and 2,500 persons were imprisoned between January, 1908, and June, 1909.

The agitation and repression continued. The Transvaal finally prohibited the entry of Indians to its territory. Gandhi and 3,000 Indians thereupon made an "invasion" of the Transvaal. They were arrested and imprisoned.

At last, in 1914, an Indian Relief Act was passed, repealing the poll-tax and granting freedom of residence to ex-indentured labourers.

Indians having settled in Canada and the United States in considerable numbers, restrictive measures were enacted against them in both those countries.

The Post-War Period.

In 1922 the Government of Kenya Colony, in British East Africa, adopted discrimination against the Indians.

In 1922 the Government of India abolished the system of indentured labour; but discrimination against Indians continues in British colonies.

Since the European war the Indian Nationalist movement has developed greatly—the Labour movement has also developed. In 1919 great strikes of factory workers began to break out, and have followed with considerable frequency.

A strike at Buckingham Mills, Madras, resulted in the High Court of Madras granting an injunction against Mr. B. B. Wadia and other union leaders, and imposing a fine of £7,000 and costs. The Company consented not to put the judgment into force if Mr. Wadia would sever all connection with the Labour movement. Mr. Wadia agreed!

In December, 1921, 1,000,000 members were represented at the All-India Trade Union Congress.

The first Act authorising Co-operative societies was passed in 1904. It restricted the co-operatives to loan societies. The second Act extended the powers of co-operatives in 1912. In 1919—20 the membership of the co-operatives was 1,520,376.

In India there is still no compulsion to compensate a workman injured at his work.

Hungary and the Workers

The Hungarian Art Trade School of Budapest advertises its wares: carpets, art needlework, oil paintings, etc., in the following manner:

"It is the *wages*, not the raw material, that is cheap here—artistic and applied art workers, and especially female workers, receive only one-tenth or one-fifteenth of the wages paid in the U.S. of America or England.

"One square foot of carpet contains about 8,000 knots, and our prices are calculated on the following basis: cost of raw materials, plus wages at tenpence per day, plus 15 per cent. for our expenses. . . .

"The reason why these Hungarian carpets are cheaper is to be sought in the fact that wages are lower in Hungary than anywhere else in the world."

The Hungarian White Terror has done its work thoroughly: its object is the same in all countries, to depress the material conditions and crush the spirit of the working-class.

BOW CHILDREN'S OUTING.

The Bow Parents' Guild is an organisation of working-class mothers and fathers who have banded themselves together to safeguard their children's interests. On Sunday, September 23, at two weeks' notice, I organised an outing for the children to Woodford Wells, on behalf of the guild, with the help of my husband, Mrs. Bloomfield, Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Savoy, one of the old-time Suffragettes. We thought we should take fifty children, but there were ninety-three and eighteen adults. We took the train from Coborn Road Station, and then through lanes where the children could see apples and pears on the trees and bushes full of blackberries.

At Red Cottage we were met by Miss Smyth and Miss O'Brien. We had lunch in the grounds. Then we lined up outside the cottage and Miss Smyth photographed us.

Then we went to the forest for races, prizes being given to the winners, and returned to the cottage. When the children got their flowers to go home I was able to give each one of them a piece of cake from Mrs. Lukin's, of Roman Road.

I can recommend to Comrades a day's outing to the Red Cottage, which can be reached by taking the 10a, 38b, 43 or 116 bus to Woodford Wells.

M. PARKER.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

Great public spirit was displayed by Dr. Margaret Boileau, who in the last stages of cancer and suffering acute pain daily called about her a group of women doctors and related to them her observations of the progress of her disease.

"DREADNOUGHT" £1,000 FUND.

Brought forward, £74 3s. 1½d. S. N. Ghose, 10s.; Anon., £2; Irene Smith, 1s. (weekly). Collection: Hackney, 1s. 10½d. Total for week, £2 12s. 10½d. Total, £76 16s. 10d.

Wages

By TOM ANDERSON.

(Proletarian Schools.)

To work for wages is an act of degradation you impose upon yourself. You are a hired commodity, just like any other commodity. Wages, therefore, are degrading to every conscious man and woman. You may make the excuse that you are compelled under the circumstances to work for wages, or else you would starve. That is admitted. But what does that imply: it means you are a wage-slave, and, being so, you cannot live without wages.

If we were to ask you what wages were, possibly you would not be able to answer, or you might say, I get 40s., 50s., or 60s. a week as the case might be. But then that would not explain what wages really are. Why the 40s., 50s., or 60s. per week; how are they determined? Why not 10s., 20s., or 30s.? You do not know.

Wages, then, are based on the cost of subsistence of the labourer; before the war in Glasgow the wages of the labourer averaged about 22s. per week; to-day the average is about 42s. It may seem strange to you to be told that the labourer's wages to-day at 42s. are less than they were in 1914.

Let me give you a table which I can vouch for, having sold all these commodities, or nearly all of them.

The labourer had saved in twenty weeks the sum of 20s., that is 1s. per week. He did so for the purpose of making himself respectable, and at the same time of having a "blow out."

Here is his outlay on that memorable Saturday that he burst his bank, and he spent it all on himself:

	s.	d.
Suit of clothes	10	6
Shirt	0	9½
Semmet	0	9½
Drawers	0	9½
Pair of boots	3	6
Collar and tie	0	7
Cap	0	5½
Two glasses of whisky	0	7
Two pints of beer	0	6
Two ounces of tobacco	0	7
Fish supper	0	3½
Gill of whisky for his "morning"	0	7½
	20	0

To-day the labourer for 20s. cannot even get a suit for it, let alone the other eleven articles mentioned in his 1914 expenditure. Wages, you see from this, have fallen. But you might ask how do they come to fix the amount of wages the labourer should get.

That is quite easily done. All they have got to do is to total up the fodder basis of the labourer's normal life.

Let me give you the cost of subsistence of a labourer in our city in 1914, and all the other cities are nearly the same, the country districts being about 20 per cent. lower owing to the cost of subsistence being lower, while the cost in London is higher, because the cost of subsistence is higher.

This labourer was a normal labourer, and he had a wife and four children. His wages for the 52 weeks of the year were £50, or a little under £1 per week. His outlay per week was as follows: Food for six persons, 12s.; rent, 2s. 6d.; coal, 1s.; clothes, 2s. 6d.; boots, 1s.; sundries, 1s. He banked 1s. for a suit for himself and a "blow out" every twenty weeks. Total, 19s. per week. That, then, to him was his wages, the cost of his subsistence, plus his wife and family, for if the labourer did not require to propagate his species, his wages would only be 10s. per week, for that then would have been the cost of his subsistence.

Wages never rise much above the cost of subsistence, except during some great calamity, such as we had during the great world war, for human freedom.

If you will total the cost per meal for six persons, and give them three meals per day, you will see the miracle the labourer's wife performed: she fed six persons for less than 7d., or a fraction over a penny each. That, then, is the price of a labourer's labour-power, the commodity which he sells to the man who employs him. No one, gentle reader, when buying a commodity, likes to pay for it any more than its value; no one will pay any more for it. There is not a Christian in all England who would say to the seller of a commodity, "I see you have that suit marked at 20s.; I will give you 22s." If you did so the seller would think you had escaped from some lunatic asylum. And so the General Council of the Trade Unions may get up a scare about the tea-shops in London, and talk a lot of silly piffle about the girls working for starvation wages; the entire working-class are doing that to-day. Wages have always meant starvation to the working class, because that's what their commodity can be produced for. What you want to do is to abolish wages. Think that over.

Unemployed Workers Organisation.

The long-looked-for debate between Comrade Soderburg, representing the U.W.O., and Comrade Hannington, representing the N.U.W.C.M., took place last Friday evening, September 21st, at Poplar Town Hall. There was a fairly large audience, made up of the members and supporters of both organisations, and, except for a few expected interruptions, the debate was conducted on very orderly lines.

The result of the debate was undoubtedly a triumph for the U.W.O., and it was evident after the first half-hour of the time occupied by Comrade Hannington, that his was a lost cause. Even his own supporters must have been disappointed at the weakness of his arguments and the obvious way in which he either bungled or ignored several important points.

The main charge, that the U.W.O. have continuously levelled against the N.U.W.C.M., namely that they are dominated and controlled by the C.P.G.B., and which has always strenuously been denied, was proved up to the hilt. Among other things, Comrade Soderburg read out a circular, issued by E. Cant, of the C.P.G.B., to his members in the ranks of the N.U.W.C.M., in the face of which even Hannington was at a loss for a suitably-worded denial.

As further evidence of the fact that the N.U.W.C.M. is controlled by the C.P.G.B., Soderburg spoke of the occasion when he was in the N.U.W.C.M. office at 3, Queen's Square, and the offices of the C.P. at 16, King Street, were communicated with over the telephone, inquiring if they (the C.P.) had any objections to the name of the paper being changed from "Out of Work" to "The Call." The reply was to the effect that the C.P. would let the unemployed know after the executive had met. The executive of the C.P. eventually decided that the paper must not be named "The Call." It was therefore called the "New Charter."

Hannington attempted to explain away this point by stating that the copyright of a paper named "The Call" belonged to the C.P.G.B., and therefore anybody wishing to use that name must first obtain the sanction of the copyright-holders, but Soderburg soon burst that bubble by informing Hannington and the audience that the copyright fable was a myth for the simple reason that the copyright of a paper title automatically became null and void after that paper had failed to appear for two consecutive issues. It was particularly noticeable that in his reply Hannington studiously avoided again referring to the point.

Further proof of the charge was forthcoming in the shape of an unsolicited corroboration of Soderburg's allegations by a lady who stood up at the close of the debate and stated that she was present at a conference of members of the C.P., where it was arranged that Soderburg must be ousted from his position as London organiser at all costs, and that it was the duty of those members present to provide the necessary ways and means to bring about the desired result. Needless to add, Soderburg is not a member of the C.P.G.B.

Unfortunately a good many personalities were indulged in, but Hannington explained that the personal element was introduced at the express wish of Comrade Soderburg, who naturally particularly desired to refute publicly several personal allegations made by various members of the N.U.W.C.M. and to vindicate himself, were that necessary, in the eyes of the members of the U.W.O., which part of his task he undoubtedly performed very successfully and came out with flying colours.

The material benefit we hope to derive as a result of the debate will now probably take the form of increased membership of the U.W.O.

All inquiries re the U.W.O. should be addressed to J. Pearson, Area Secretary, Poplar Town Hall.

H. ISAACS.

Spice

The loss of the El Kahira, with all aboard her, is another tragedy of Capitalism. She sailed without wireless, with cargo loaded in the second cabin saloon, and stores littered about the deck, and in a chaotic and unseaworthy condition, without the possibility of securing the hatches. The money question was at the bottom of it.

* *

The U.S.A. has nearly 11,000,000 motor-cars, i.e., one to about every ten persons. That does not mean that every tenth person has a motor-car. Indeed no! Some persons and some companies own many cars.

* *

The East End vicars are holding the harvest festival—is it the landlord's harvest of rents, or the County Court's harvest of summonses?

EPITAPH.

(*After reading Ronsard's lines from Rabelais.*)

If fruits are fed on any beast,
Let vine-roots suck this parish priest,
For while he lived, no summer sun
Went up but he'd a bottle done.

And in the starlight beer and stout
Kept his waistcoat bulging out,
Then—Death that changes happy things
Banished his soul to water springs.

JOHN M. SYNGE.

WINTER:

With little money in a great city.

There's snow in every street,
Where I go up and down,
And there's no woman, man, or dog.

I know each shop, and all
These Jews, and Russian Poles,
For I go walking night and noon
To spare my sack of coals—

JOHN M. SYNGE.

VAL PRINCE

SIGN AND DECORATIVE ARTIST

(Writer to London Hippodrome, and West End Theatres.)

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PAINTED PUBLICITY

South African News

By B. KREEL.

Segregation is now the watchword of the magnates' press—for whites, blacks, and Indians in South and Central Africa.

"Freedom" Through Segregation.

It appears that the British Commonwealth of Free Nations wants a "free" land here and in Kenya (Central Africa). Smuts, understanding best the language of the British Government overseas, and in order to please his Empire magnates and mammon, experiments to make Africa "free" by a policy of segregation, beginning with the Indians.

The Indians in South Africa and Kenya are divided in two camps: the exploiters and the exploited. It is a great injustice to the Indian workers here to consider them as a nation of shopkeepers and speculators only. The Indian worker is not only engaged in industry carried on by Indians, but also in industries bossed by the whites.

In Natal, for instance, one can find no hotel or café where Indian servants are not employed. Most of the barber's shops have Indian workers. Hundreds of salesmen and book-keepers are working for Indian tradesmen, and in the tailoring industry many hundreds of Indians are engaged in every province of this country.

Smuts says "We want to be Masters."

Speaking on the Asiatic question at Maritzburg (Natal), Smuts said:

"We ask to be masters in our own house, and to regulate South Africa according to our own ideas. We want to remove patent anomalies and injustice from our government here in the Union, and if a measure of segregation is considered essential by the white community in its own interest, I do not see why it should be resented by Indians in India or Indians here."

The "white community" which considers segregation "essential," in the words of General Smuts, does not include the white working class. Smuts continued:

"The colour line is in existence to-day—right or wrong. I do not argue about that, but it is a clearly-marked line you can follow. Once you cross that line, we see no reason why there should be any distinction between Indians and natives, and if Indians have the franchise, then I see no reason why it should not be given to the natives. Well, we all know what the effect of that would be."

Segregation, both Residential and Trading.

Here are some comments of the capitalist press on the matter:

"The Minister of the Interior stated that where an urban authority desired the separation of Europeans and Asiatics, for residential and trading purposes, it would be empowered, subject to the consent of the Government, to enforce such a measure. General Smuts' speech shows the Government have now definitely adopted the principal of segregation."

"General Smuts stated that the position in Natal is developing in such a way as to render necessary a substantial measure of segregation."

"General Smuts contemplates both residential and trading segregation."

Make no mistake, fellow worker, the whole question of segregation is not because the misery of the coloured population and natives is a danger to their poor white neighbours. On the contrary, as a cheap and great surplus on the labour market they are the first to be exploited by the employers of this country to benefit the exploiting class.

Know once for all, white workers of South Africa, your silence on Indian segregation does as much harm to yourself as to the Indians.

Our remedy is not the segregation of coloured and native workers. We white workers must fight hand in hand with our black and coloured comrades for the entire emancipation from wage-slavery.

How Much a Head of Native Labour?

Jagger, the Minister of Railways, is being asked what amount he has received from the Cape Town docks contractors for importing native labour from the Transvaal and Natal? Does he not receive so much per head of native labour?

Jagger built his career by speculating and profit-making, now he is on top-level with every highway robber of the speculative class.

The "Outlook" says:

"Britain cannot afford to enforce measures against the will of the white minority for the simple reason that the Union of South Africa will not permit any Indian danger to exist in any part of Africa, because of the repercussions feared within Union territory. We cannot afford to risk for the first time in our Empire the coalition of a Crown colony with a self-governing Dominion against the Government of London."

At a meeting in Durban in support of the "white settlers" of Kenya Mr. MacKurtain said:

"The Government of India was demanding social and trading equality for Indians in South Africa; but every South African would resist that demand."

The Protest Strike in Argentina

(From the I.W.M.A. News Service.)

As soon as the news of the murder of Kurt Wilckens became known in Buenos Aires, an indescribable shudder agitated the working population of the capital of the Argentine. At first they did not want to believe in the rumours; bourgeois journals spoke only of a criminal attack. Numerous workmen left their work, anxious to find out the whole truth. At midday, the anarchist daily, "La Protesta," published a special edition confirming the assassination of Wilckens by a soldier of the prison guard who called himself a relation of Colonel Varela—the bloody hangman of Patagonia.

The General Strike.

The first to declare the protest strike were the bakers. In the afternoon the strike had become almost general. In the evening, Buenos Aires had the appearance of a cemetery. The trams alone were running (this union is directed by the Communists and by the reformists). It was necessary to burn several tram-cars before the workmen were brought to participate in the strike. Bloody encounters took place everywhere with the police. The offices of the labour unions were closed everywhere by the authorities, the number of prisoners continually increased. More than twenty comrades are still in prison in Santa Fé for having participated in the strike; it is estimated that more than three hundred arrests took place among the bakers alone in Buenos Aires. The newspaper sellers refused to sell the bourgeois papers (be it remarked that the printers are almost all Communists and are striking only in a small number of newspaper offices); they sold only "La Protesta" and an independent journal, "Critica," which took up the defence of Wilckens and whose offices were pillaged by the Argentinian Fascists after the strike. The encounter between the workmen and the police, which took place in Buenos Aires on June 17th, resulted in a few dead, among whom was included an officer.

The Communists and Reformists, who united for a common fight against the F.O.B.A., wanted to call off the strike on June 18th, but nobody listened to them.

Police Begin to Attack.

On the same day the police attacked one of the biggest Labour offices, having previously prevented by armed force the holding of a meeting organised in one of the squares of the city by the F.O.R.A. In this fight there were victims on the side of both the police and the workers; we mourn, among the dead, our comrade Enrique Gomba. This provocation of the police stiffened up the protest strike. The efforts of the Communists and of the reformist trade unions of the Syndical Union of Argentine (U.S.A.) to sabotage the strike failed ignominiously. The entire proletariat relied only on the F.O.R.A. and waited for its signal to cease work. The Fascists understood it was wisest not to be conspicuous during the strike. Let it be noted that even in the prisons our comrades had declared a hunger strike as a sign of protest against the murder of Wilckens.

On June 21st the F.O.R.A. advised the return to work, not wishing to increase the number of victims through fighting with the police. The strike continued still a few days more in the provinces, demanding the release of the imprisoned.

"La Protesta" was left unmolested this time, but several comrades paid with years of prison their subversive writings during the strike.

This general strike, which manifested the strength of the F.O.R.A. and the feelings of solidarity of the Argentine proletariat, will not be the only demonstration against the assasination of Kurt Wilckens. This comrade will live in the memory of the militants and of the masses of South American countries. The tragedy which started in Patagonia and ended with the cowardly murder of Wilckens has not said its last word yet. . . .

THE ACTIVITIES OF THE POLITICAL POLICE IN ARGENTINE.

The revolutionary organisations and journals of South America, the F.O.R.A. and the anarchist daily of Buenos Aires, "La Protesta," draw the attention of the comrades of Europe and America to the existence of numerous police elements in the "Union Sindical Argentina" (U.S.A.), and in the "Alleanza Libertaria Argentina" (A.L.A.). Recently the secretary of the last-named and the editor of its organ, "El Libertario," have been unmasked. Among the suspected are mentioned: Garcia Thomas, Fernando Gonzalo, A. Silvetti, A. A. Goncalvez, and others. It is requested to be on one's guard against these persons as well as against the two organisations, but especially against the unmasked police agents, Julio Amor (secretary of the A.L.A.) and David Valdes (editor of the paper).

FASCISM IN JAPAN.

It is communicated to us from Tokyo that our comrade, Heibei-Takao, has been killed by K. Yonemura, the chief of an anti-revolutionary organisation.

Aged 30, Comrade Takao, was one of the best militants of Japan, and several times had been to prison for his energetic propaganda.

Here are some of the many reactionary and Fascist organisations now existing in Japan:

1. Kokus sui kai, consisting of gamblers, and helped by the present Cabinet. It is headed by General Kojiro Sato.
2. Yamato Minro-kai, another clique of the same kind, supported by the bourgeosie.
3. Sekitewa Boshi-Dan, consisting chiefly of students.
4. Keirin Gakumai, the most important body, whose organisers are Professor Shinkichi Uesugi, the most prominent imperialist in Japan, and Motoyuki Takabatake, who translated Marx' "Capital," and was the first to introduce the theory of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" to Japan.

All these organisations are still weak and small in membership, but the Government gives them every facility to become large and strong. A bitter fight between them and us is becoming inevitable. Comrade Heibei is the first of the victims on our side in this struggle.

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of
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in
POPLAR TOWN HALL,
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1923.
Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Sec.: W. A. Robinson.
D. D. D.

Once Upon a Time

"Once upon a time," fellow worker, are the words with which stories begin. Therefore you need not take this story too literally; though it has an important moral.

Once upon a time the survivors of a shipwreck, twenty-four persons in all, were thrown up on two desert islands, twelve persons on each island.

With the twelve people on the first island there landed a bag of money. The population included a king, a landlord, a financier, a lawyer, a clergyman, a shopkeeper, a tax-collector, an accountant, and four labourers.

The King at once declared that by birth and upbringing he was fitted to be the ceremonial head of the community, and must be maintained in that position.

The landlord said that as he had always been a landlord, and knew no other way of earning a living, the land must belong to him and he would hire it out to the rest of the people.

The financier appropriated the bag of money and declared that his talents and training denoted that he must finance both the industrial and agricultural enterprises of the island, and pay the wages of the labourers.

The clergyman said that he alone could care for the spiritual needs of the community and that a tax must be levied for his benefit and collected by the tax gatherer. Voluntary donations would also be expected from everyone, and collections would be taken at each service.

The lawyer said that he also must have a share of the taxation for his services as judge, and that he would charge fees for acting in his private capacity as the legal adviser and representative of anyone.

The King here pointed out that his claim upon the taxation must take precedence of all others.

The shopkeeper observed that he would trade in all commodities and fix his own prices, and that the financier must on no account supply anyone else with the products of his enterprise.

The shopkeeper and the financier both declared that the accountant must keep their books, and it was agreed that he should work for them both, beside auditing the tax-gatherer's accounts.

The tax-gather and the accountant both pleaded that they should be paid a proper salary.

The four labourers understood that there was nothing left for them to do but the work, and as they numbered only one-third of the population of the island, they had to work very hard. They were grateful to receive their wages from the financier and to spend them at the shopkeeper's store on the commodities they had produced.

The people who landed on the second island discovered that they had no money. Since they had no means of employing each other they decided that they must share the work of the community between them and enjoy the proceeds of the common toil in common.

To which of those islands would you prefer to emigrate, fellow worker?

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